

Cape County Herald

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CAPE GIRARDEAU - MISSOURI

What a lot the infant emperor of China knows for his age!

His parents are visiting the sun. Stomping the solar system!

An electric in Switzerland seems to attract about as much attention as its navy.

Few headline writers can tell of a fall of snow without allusions to "The Beautiful."

A Texas town of 4,000 has not seen a wedding in three years, but has had two lynching parties.

It cost a Missouri man \$25 to shoot a redbird and it could not have been such great sport, either.

About all that can be said to favor of a double chin is that it has some advantage in an argument.

Capt. Elmer Baldwin will try to locate the north pole in 1918. It may be a common fault by then.

Grapefruit is beginning to crowd out the cantaloupe, and the latter no doubt sees what its fate is to be.

The megaphone would be a valuable thing on the farm, where it could be used to call the hired man at 3 a. m.

The financial success of some of our popular actors is indicated by the amount of alimony they are able to pay.

We base our prediction of a long, cold winter on the fact that this year's chestnut worms are faster than usual.

Taxes have gone so high in Japan that the little nation may not feel like whipping anybody for several years to come.

On the Isthmus of Panama there were 4,785 bachelors and only 187 spinsters. Go south, young woman—go south!

College women do not indulge in divorce, says one of them. To the prospective married this should be warning enough.

Reports from Los Angeles indicate that a drunken Japanese with a loaded gun is as dangerous as a drunken Caucasian.

A masseur has been fined for practicing medicine. It will soon be unsafe to put a wet towel on a sick friend's brow.

The difference between a banquet and a dinner is that the former consists of a great deal of talk without much to eat.

They teach logic in colleges and yet the football scores when compared occasionally lead to some most illogical results.

The preachers who decry baseball should raise their own batting average if they want to increase interest in their own work.

In Tucson eggs have been selling for 20 cents apiece. Burbank should hasten to develop a species of cactus that will lay eggs.

The men who plastered their auto number with mud and hurried away after a casualty have done the same to their consciences.

Cleveland has unveiled a statue of Wagner. At this distance it cannot be seen whether it is a statue to Honor or to Wilhelm Richard.

Mrs. Majorie Gould Drexel's little daughter is set down as a \$30,000,000 baby, but there are others that can not be bought at even that price.

There is a good deal of talk now about "paper-bag cooking," but without having tried it we shouldn't think a paper bag would taste good, no matter how it may be cooked.

A Kansas judge scoffs at the idea of love at first sight. Probably he is one of those phlegmatic fellows who keep the girls guessing for seven years and then marry in doubt.

It ought to be easy for a good many wives to get new sealskin coats this winter. An eastern court has granted a divorce to a woman because her husband concealed his real character from her when they were married.

A Frenchman who has become enthusiastic about baseball is going to try to make it the French National game. A boys' baseball game would be a Quaker meeting compared with two kinds of excitable Frenchmen engaging in the sport.

Goats' milk comes strongly recommended as a new cure for insanity. Try it—on some friend.

There will be no art in machine fashions," says an English artist. "on all men discard trousers." Tush! Look at the hats some of the men are wearing this year.

The Wrights have a new safety device for aviators. If it don't work any better than the safety devices on elevators the rate of risk on aviators will not be reduced.

Trio of Wool



Photographed by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Wool will be very much in evidence in stylish out-door raiment this year. Here is an attractive coat, made of frize or soft Vienna, with ice-wool knitted scarf and rough wool hat, trimmed with flowers made of woolen yarn. This represents real warmth, and is thoroughly appropriate for all out-door recreation.

LINEN COSTUME.



Putty-colored linen is used for the smart costume we illustrate here. The skirt has a panel front and back, and at sides is trimmed with two shaped straps with a button in each point. The coat fastens below bust with one pointed strap; the large turn-over collar is strapped on the outer edge with black and putty-colored striped linen.

Hat of putty-colored straw, trimmed with a black feather mount. Materials required for the dress: Five yards forty-two inches wide, fourteen buttons, one-eighth yard stripe twenty-seven inches wide.

Latest Sweater.

The latest thing in sweaters are first cousins to the fuzzy wuzzy tam-o-shanters that abounded some five years back. They look like goats and camels, for they are wild and they are woolly, with a shaven and a long beard nap, all combed out smooth and shiny—until one buys them, then they will probably gather up in lumps, but they will continue to be just as warm and comfortable and much softer than the regular worsted ones.

Chic Kerchiefs.

Very small handkerchiefs of colored silk with a hemstitched border are sold to wear in the breast pocket of one's rough morning coat. The color scheme of the costume can be carried out by this small touch in a most effective manner, and the idea has been taken up by the Americans who are now in Paris.

STORY OF JAPANESE GOWNS

Interesting Facts Concerning the Origin of Garments Worn in the Island Empire.

Nearly every woman nowadays cherishes a Japanese gown for house wear without realizing how interesting a garment it is. The sleeves themselves have a curious history. From the middle of the sixteenth century they began to increase in length, and, especially those for young ladies, have extended till now they are from three to four feet. This style, known as furisode, became very fashionable.

The width of the obi, or sash, has also varied, at first from two and a half to three and a half inches, and to six, seven, eight and nine inches. It is interesting to note that our own new fashions in sleeves and sashes originated among the common people of Japan, and from them were finally adopted by the upper classes. The young ladies of the Samurai class were the first to follow the popular styles in this respect, and the higher classes began to follow suit, until now these fashions prevail everywhere.

It is only from about the middle of the seventh century that the women of the lower classes began to wear the long haori, or overcoat, at present so common among all classes of both sexes. This garment was originally a duster worn by men to protect their clothes when outdoors, and was then called dekinu, or traveling coat.

Finally they came to be worn indoors, and the women adopted the garment. The upper classes in time followed the same custom, and now the haori is an indispensable part of the clothing to be worn on formal occasions, even in summer.

NEWEST IDEAS IN GIRDLES

Many Materials for Choice and Design Is Altogether a Matter for the Individual.

The newest girdles are made of rope, bead, metal, fabric and chenille. The latter are particularly well liked, as are also those made of pierced metal pieces run with ribbon and obtainable in assorted colors. There are also those made of colored pyroxylin, ribbon laced. These pyroxylin girdles, while extremely light in weight, have an effect similar to the heavier metal ones. Another of this class of girdle is the heavy linked chain or metal rope, made in either gilt, silver or oxidized.

Due to the great popularity of cord girdles, there have been manufactured special ornamental pins in plain and chased effects, also set with colored stones, intended for use as a fastening for the girdles in place of a knot, being both practical and ornamental, and at the same time eliminating the knot tying wear on the girdle.

In the Dining Room.

Plates should be heated before they are sent to the table. An entire meal, prepared with great care, can be spoiled by the use of cold plates. Do not reach across another person's plate. If something beyond your cover is desired, ask the servant or the person nearest to pass it.

When a second portion is being served place the knife and fork to the right of the plate with the ends resting on the butter plate.

Barbara and the Beast

By DOROTHY BLACKMORE

Barbara Graham was an artist, and like most of her kind she was struggling to keep the wolf from stepping over the threshold of her studio. Practical beyond the usual run of young women possessed of the artistic temperament, she had even gone so far as to make capital out of that same hungry wolf by painting his imaginary image so realistically that it paid for a goodly sum.

Animals were Barbara's specialty. She had been a lover of the dumb beasts ever since she was old enough to love anything, and when she took up her palette and brush her fancy seemed to run always to animals.

For this reason, she had obtained for the summer months an outdoor studio converted from the small back garden of an English basement house. She found it more convenient for her animal models and, in lieu of going to the country herself, she found the outdoor work beneficial. An old stone wall enclosed the garden and ivy and Virginia creepers struggled over it here and there. The small grass plot in the center was edged with bright, old-fashioned flowers, and Barbara had added a rustic urn or two to the corners.

This morning she was putting the finishing touches to a canvas over which she had worked unusually hard. In the picture a big, tri-colored mother cat lay in an overturned basket with her small family about her.

Barbara had discovered the feline family in her big rustic chair one morning when she came down to work and she had taken it as a gift from the gods, for she was in need of a model for a new canvas. She had waited only long enough for the wee kittens to get their eyes open and assume fat and chubby proportions before beginning to transfer their likenesses to her canvas. Meantime, she had made the mother cat comfortable in a basket and fed her half a bottle of her own precious milk each morning.

This picture, with two others, was to be hung in a small exhibit during the approaching winter.

Barbara now had two of her pictures ready, and, for the third, she was worried. It was an easy enough matter to go to the animal house and secure a model from which to paint, but Barbara's heart was set on painting a certain little thoroughbred dog she had seen pass her windows every morning for three weeks. The question was—how to get him? The dog followed his master closely and Barbara could not well accost a stranger and beg to be allowed to paint his pet dog.

As she stood putting little touches here and there to the cluster of kittens in her easel and realized that she had before her was finished, she became more and more obsessed with the desire to paint that white dog for her third picture. She placed great hope in the criticism of the work to be hung in the winter and something told her she could do her best work if inspired by that strange little animal.

She became restless and, making the kittens comfortable in the right basket, she donned her hat and went forth to walk off her uneasiness. Barbara had been of the idea, ever since she had come to the big city to follow her profession, that if she did exactly what was right at all times, thought evil of no one and harmed no one by deed or word, she would be given all that was her due. She had been brought up with this idea and the teachings of her mother clung to her now that she was alone in the world.

Therefore, as she walked she thought, and gradually a peaceful feeling took the place of the spirit of unrest that had possessed her for days. After a turn through a nearby park she retraced her footsteps toward her studio.

When she was within half a block of the house behind which was her work-garden, she was surprised to see the old tri-colored mother cat approaching her. It was the custom of the animal, after she had put her babies to sleep, to mount the garden wall and go out for air and exercise, but Barbara was not expecting to see her in the public street.

"Well, puss," Barbara was beginning, and had stopped to pick up the animal when, with a spit and a growl and a rapidly bushing tail, the cat made for the narrow passageway between the houses, a white dog in full pursuit.

"My dog!" cried Barbara aloud, and, running to peep down the narrow passage. "Oh, if I could only keep him!" she wished aloud.

Footsteps came quickly behind her. "I beg pardon, my dog is chasing your cat," said a man's voice beamed her.

Barbara turned and faced the owner of the dog.

"He was," Barbara corrected. "She—Puss has climbed the wall and your dog is barking frantically at her."

The man followed Barbara's direction and saw his white dog dancing about in a mad desire to be at the object of his chase.

"He's death on cats—his Tchucasta," he explained. "I'm glad he did not get her. I beg a thousand pardons in his behalf."

"It's Fate," Barbara said, half to herself.

The man looked at her oddly. Perhaps this young woman—though intelligent, and unusually pretty—was not quite right in her mind. Suddenly Bar-

bara looked him squarely in the eyes and his doubt fled.

"I must explain," she began. "I am an artist and animals are my forte. I have seen you pass with your dog for days, and ever since I told eyes on him I have wanted to paint him. He is such a beauty with his long white coat and his pert little body. That's the reason I say this is Fate, for now I shall have the temerity to ask if I may use him for a model long enough to get him sketched into the canvas. I—"

"But of course you may," the man interrupted. "Nothing would please me more. I'm proud of Tchucasta as you may well believe when I tell you I brought him all the way from Nome. He is an Eskimau dog and I had a hard time keeping him the first summer in this part of the country."

"I thought he had come from a cold climate with that coat," Barbara said, her eyes on the now discouraged canine.

"Here, Tchucasta," called the man. "Come and make your apologies to—"

"Barbara Graham," quickly supplemented Barbara, a rich color spreading over her face.

"Miss Graham," the man repeated, bowing.

"And I may paint him?" she asked, all her artist's soul rejoicing.

"Most certainly. When will you want him?" the man asked, pulling the ears of the animal beside him.

Barbara thought a moment. "I'll have to find a home for my kitties before I dare to bring their enemy into the studio," she explained. "Would tomorrow do?" she asked.

"The sooner the better—eh, Tchucasta?" the man asked. "I will bring him tomorrow morning and—"

producing his card—"this is his owner's name."

Barbara took the card. With her eyes on it she confessed to the unconventional situation and apologized; but her plea was that her one passion in life was to succeed in her art and that if properly inspired she could do better work.

The man understood, and left her with the promise to bring his dog on the following morning.

It took only a few days—for Barbara worked constantly—to sketch in the figure of the dog, and then the artist was forced to admit that she could continue the work without the presence of the model.

"But it is no trouble for me to leave him—if it would be easier for you," the man insisted.

Barbara smiled up at him. "Of course it would be easier, but—"

"Then he shall come," the man interrupted with a determined expression.

Barbara said nothing. She was sipping the contents of a small tube onto her palette with wonted extravagance.

"And—Miss Graham," the man began, waiting for her to answer him by looking up—"might the master come some day after studio hours and sit with the artist—if not for her?"

"Yes," Barbara answered, "he might—if he likes."

John Harden sat in the rustic studio many times after that, and when the picture his dog had inspired took an honorable mention at the exhibit he brought it to hang in their home, his own and Barbara's.

Artificial Flowers Change Color.

The principal uses of cobalt in the United States are in making glass and pottery. A beautiful blue is given to glass by the oxide of cobalt. Sympathetic inks, according to a report of the United States geographical survey, are made from cobalt acetate, chloride and nitrate that are colored when heated or colorless when cold. This interesting phenomenon is due to the change in color of the salts on the absorption of water. When dry they are blue and easily seen on paper; when damp they are pink; and when dilute, colorless. A puzzling application of this principle may be in a doll whose dress is blue when subjected to dampness, as in wet weather or when the doll is held in the steam of a tea kettle. Artificial flowers are made to show the same effect.

Colored Teeth.

Pearly teeth are not the fashion everywhere. Firms of artificial teeth manufacturers who have an export trade have to keep in stock molars of every shade of color from white to black. There is a steady demand for black teeth in Siam, Java, Batavia, and Burma, where the natives chew the betelnut, which blackens the teeth. For Persia the teeth must be absolutely milk-white. Recently an order was received from Bhavnagar, in India, for some bright red and blue artificial teeth. Smokers' teeth are regularly supplied to dentists in shades to match those which have been discolored by nicotine.

It's No Use.

He was telling her about a book he had just read.

"The absolute sincerity and directness of the author," he said, "are above all praise. I don't know when I've read a book that seemed so helpful, so uplifting, so purely inspiring."

She had been regarding him with rapt countenance. Now she spoke. "George," she said, "I have just thought of a way to trim my new hat!"

OFFICIAL INVITATION TO AMERICANS

HOW ROBERT ROGERS, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, IN WINNIPEG ADDRESS, ISSUES WELCOME OF AMERICANS TO WESTERN CANADA.

During the course of a reply to an address presented to Hon. Robert Rogers, the newly appointed Minister of the Interior of Canada at a banquet given at Winnipeg in his honor that gentleman spoke on immigration. The tone of his remarks was that he intended to pursue an aggressive and forward policy in the matter of immigration. In part, he said:

"The most important branch perhaps of that department (interior) is that of immigration. "If there is anything more than another we want here it is a greater population, and it shall be my duty to present to the people in all parts of the world where desirable emigrants are to be found the advantages and the great possibilities of this country. We have received in the past a reasonably large immigration from south of the international boundary, and in this connection let me say just a word for our American cousins who have found happy homes amongst us, and those whom we hope to welcome in greater numbers in the years to come. There are hundreds of thousands of them in our prairie provinces, happy in the enjoyment of a freedom as great as they ever knew, and all contributing in a material way towards the development of Canada. We are not blind to their value as settlers. They come better equipped with scientific farming knowledge than most of our emigrants, and constitute without doubt the wealthiest class of emigrants any new country has ever known. As head of the immigration department it will be my privilege to offer them a welcome hearty and sincere, and to so contribute to their welfare that under the protecting folds of the Union Jack they will enjoy as great a degree of liberty and happiness as under the Stars and Stripes. The Borden government cherishes nothing but the kindest feelings for the people of the great republic to the south, and will do all in its power to increase the bonds of kinship and neighborly good feeling that has so long existed. (Hear, hear.)

"While we adopt a vigorous emigration policy in that country, we will also adopt the same vigorous policy in other parts of the world. We will go to England, Ireland and Scotland, and every other country irrespective of race, creed or nationality, where we can find suitable and desirable emigrants for this great country. I think much good work can be done in those countries, and especially perhaps at the present time in England, Ireland and Scotland. Now, then, it will be my duty to stir up that policy in the most vigorous manner possible."

Budding Genius.

Knicker—You think Johnny will grow up to be a president?

Pronpup—Yes; that boy can see anything—New York Sun.

Let's! Single finger straight for cigar is made to satisfy the smoker.

We show how much of the Bible we believe by the way we trust God.

Splendid Crops

In Saskatchewan (Western Canada)

800 Bushels from 20 acres of wheat was the thrasher's record in the P.R.E. district of 1914. Many fields in that as well as other districts yielded from 25 to 35 bushels of wheat to the acre. Other grains in proportion.

LARGE PROFITS

are thus derived from the P.R.E. district of Western Canada.

This excellent showing came from the fact that the price of wheat was 100 cents per bushel, and the cost of production was only 60 cents per bushel. The profit was 40 cents per bushel. This is a record for the P.R.E. district of 1914. Many fields in that as well as other districts yielded from 25 to 35 bushels of wheat to the acre. Other grains in proportion.

USE ABSORBINE JR. FOR IT

Gotches, Swollen Glands, Cysts, Varicose Veins, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frostbite, Itch, Skin Diseases, etc. Absorbine Jr. is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant. It kills germs and destroys the cause of disease. It is the only remedy that will cure all these troubles. It is the only remedy that will cure all these troubles. It is the only remedy that will cure all these troubles.

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of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

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Penit's Eye Salve

DRUG STORES (Outside) for sale and trade in all states, U.S.A. and Canada.

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